

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

"Kennedy Square."
By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond. \$1.50.

"Kennedy Square," writes the author in his preface, "in the late fifties, was a place of birds and trees and flowers; of rude stone benches, sagging arbors smothered in vines and cool dirt paths bordered by sweet-smelling flowers; and magnolias filled the air with their fragrance, and climbing roses played hide and seek among the railings of the rotten fence. Along the shaded walks laughing boys and girls romped all day, with hoop and ball, attended by old black mammas in white aprons and gaily colored bandannas, while in the more secluded corners, sheltered by protecting shrubs, happy lovers sat and talked, tired wayfarers rested with hats off and staid old gentlemen read by the hour, their noses in their books."

As to location, "Kennedy Square," it would appear, must have been in upper Virginia, on the Potomac River, as St. George Wilmet Temple, counselor-at-law, owner of Temple Mansion and an embodiment of what was best in his class and station, is described as going down the river, on a duck hunt. The Eastern Shore of Virginia, in Accomack or Northampton county, suggests another possibility as to environment.

"Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," has long been famous as a Southern type of F. Hopkinson Smith's creating. St. George Wilmet Temple is a worthy successor to "Colonel Carter," described in his personality as being "six feet and an inch; straight, ruddy cheeked, broad-shouldered and well-rounded, but with his waist measure still under control; with a sympathy that moved him to divide everything he owned into two parts, and his own half into two once more, for the fellow needed it. With this kind of a made every man his friend, and a courtesy which, even in a time when men lifted their hats to men as well as to women, had gained for him, the town over, the sobriquet of 'Gentleman Carter,' while the young girl and youth under twenty he was just 'Uncle George'—the one man in all Kennedy Square who held their secrets."

St. George Temple was a bachelor it hardly remains to say. There is more than one delicately veiled allusion to his gay, tempestuous youth, with a love-story broken off because of some mad, ungovernable episode that of a faded past forgiveness.

Perhaps his mother's eyes and smile looked at St. George Temple out of Harry Rutter's youthful face, and thereby made their irresistible appeal to the older man, perhaps that is the reason why Harry's cause was pleaded with his justly offended lady, love, Katherine Seymour, and peace made between the young couple by "Uncle George," who said to the girl: "It isn't his fault—it's the Spanish and Dutch blood in his veins—the blood of that old Hidalgo and his great ancestor, Don Ruyter, that crops out once in a while. Harry would be a pirate and sweep the Spanish main if he had lived in those days, instead of being a gentleman who values nothing in life so much as the woman he loves."

The charming of the book, its good fortune, and loyalty, the varying fortunes of its principal characters, among whom, Todd, St. George Temple's body-servant, must be counted in, render it distinctly delightful. It belongs by right to the period of its assignment, and its pages are filled with the aroma of the past, the splendor of the old regime, its hospitality and courtesy.

References to Edgar Allan Poe in Mr. Smith's book will particularly encourage the attention of people in this community, where so much of Poe's early life was passed, where he edited the Southern Literary Messenger, and was married to Virginia Clemm.

One reference in particular has to do with a dinner given by St. George Temple at Temple Place, in honor of Poe, passing through the little town on his way to Richmond. Poe came late to the dinner. His host begged him to tell one of his stories for the entertainment of the guests assembled in his home. Hopkinson Smith, picturing the occasion thus: "Everybody was seated now, with eyes fixed on the poet. Harry, overcome and still dazed, pressed close to Richard, who, bending forward, had put his elbow on the table, his chin in his hand. Clayton wheeled in a big chair and placed it back some little distance so that he could get a better view of the man. Seymour, Latrobe and the others canted their seats to face the speaker squarely."

It was the poet now who stood before them—the man of genius—the man whose name was known the country through. That he was drunk was only part of the performance. Booth had been drunk when he chased a super from the stage. Webster made his best speeches when he was half-sensory. It was so with many men of genius the world over. If they could hear one of Poe's poems—or better still, one of his short stories, like "The Black Cat" or "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"—it would be like hearing Emerson read one of his essays, or Longfellow recite his "Hyperion." This would be one of the rare treats of their lives.

Poe grasped the back of the chair reserved for him, and, swaying forward, an instant, passed one hand nervously across his forehead, brushed back a stray lock that had fallen over his eyebrow, loosened the top button of his frock coat, revealing a fresh white scarf tied about his neck, closed his eyes, and in a voice deep, sonorous, choked with tears one moment, ringing clear the next, word by word, slowly, with infinite tenderness and infinite dignity, and with the solemnity of a condemned man awaiting death, repeated the Lord's Prayer to the end. The romance of the night, interrupted for a while, rounds out to a happy ending, and the reader bids adieu to St. George Temple, the vicissitudes of life ended for him, under his own roof with all he loved best—his wife, his courage, strengthening

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Mrs. Thompson was forced to drink deep of the cup of humiliation. She saw her business ruined, her credit destroyed and her feelings outraged in every way possible. At the last her great good sense saved her and pointed out to her the way to freedom and a restoration of her self-respect.

By this time Enid and Jane, Enid's daughter and her grandchild, had come home to her, and life once more flowed back to its accustomed channels of peace and happiness, both women having learned a lesson which put them more truly at one with the world around them than before.

The real value of the book is in its excellent character drawing, and in the realism with which English shop life is depicted. The assistants of Mrs. Thompson and their value in their different departments of work present a phase that is very interesting.

Mrs. Thompson's solicitor, Mr. Prentice, the owner of the shop that rivals hers, Mr. Archibald Bence, and her faithful servant, Yates, are all important factors in the telling of the story.

But Mrs. Thompson holds the centre of vital interest. As a business woman, betrayed by the womanly side of her nature into a grievous error, she retrieves the situation in a manner that is wholly admirable and entirely creditable to her sex.

"Mother Carey's Chickens."
By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin Co., of Boston. \$1.25 net.

"Mother Carey," by name Margaret Gilbert Carey, the widow of a naval officer, is destined to literary immortality in literature, along with Rebecca of Sunnybrook farm, she being the ideal image of motherhood as Rebecca is the ideal image of American girlhood.

Mother Carey's brood of chicks included Nancy the eldest, a lovely creature to the eye, who rejoiced in being called the Pathfinder; Gilbert, the big brother, a fiery youth of twelve; Kathleen, the possessor of fair curls, skin like a rose and delicate features; Peter, aged four, a consummate charmer and heartbreaker. Adopted into the brood were Julia, esteeming herself to be the pink of perfection; Olive Lord, full of athletic genius, and Osh Popham, an optimistic, every-day philosopher, and, though the adopted brood and the spirit of universal love, right of way to all the world.

The story is one that is pitifully realistic. A father cut down in vigorous manhood and a mother left to bring up her four children under changed conditions, and on inadequate means. The cheerfulness of the mother setting an example to her children and inspiring each and all to fit themselves into a new home in a tiny Maine village, and contribute a share of work to the general fund; the mother love, going beyond her own brood to draw within the shelter of its warm embrace Julia Carey, Olive Lord and—all the world; the fitting from the old home in Charlestown, Massachusetts, to a Yellow House in the Land of Promise, with hollyhocks growing under the windows and large and sunny rooms—all told in a natural yet tender way, make their strong appeal to the hearts of thousands of readers.

The discouragements that Mother Carey lived down, the hopes that she buried in her own heart, the development of her chicks, and the friends she won in the Land of Promise round out the annals of her busy life, brimful of human love and service.

vice. The Carey housewarming is something that must be read to be fully taken in. From the moment that Peter lighted the hearth fire to that in which Mother Carey said in chorus with her children: "O Thou who dwellest in so many homes, possess Thyself of this. Thou who settest the solitary in families, bless the life that is sheltered here. Grant that trust and peace and comfort may abide within, and that love and light and usefulness may go out from this house forever. Amen."

The book closes with Nancy's coming-out ball, danced in the barn at the Yellow House, in the Land of Promise, and pictures Nancy as incarnated Youth, Hope and Joy, gliding down the middle of the barn floor like a flower borne by the breeze. And in the pauses of the music there was a partner murmuring in Nancy's ear: "Doesn't the House of Carey need an other prop?" and "Won't you give me a rose?"

Above all, through all, directing, guiding and controlling, was the figure of Mother Carey, who had wisely learned and applied for her own good and the good of her chicks the words which say:

"You can glad your child or grieve it. You can trust it or deceive it. When all's done Beneath God's sun, You can only love and leave it."

Says Calvin Winter, in the Bookman: "The easiest way to understand why Kate Douglas Wiggin's books are just what they are and not something else; why she is in a measure an anomaly in American letters, is to remember that before she was known as a writer she was a master hand at kindergarten work. She knew how to hold the attention of children, she knew the way which for her was the best, the inevitable way, to tell a story to children, and all the stories that she has printed have owed their power and their charm to that pervading simplicity and sincerity and naive literalness that made her successful in the chosen work of her girlhood."

"The Kitten's Garden of Verses."
By Oliver Herford. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of Richmond. \$1 net.

This quaint little volume of kitten poetry gives Kitten's ideas of summer and winter, of rain, of the shadow kitten, of education vs. play, of the lion in stone that does not move, of the gentle blue and white milk jug, of other kittens, good and bad and foreign, of joy-riding on the skirt of mistress and climbing into the cherry tree, of the puppy, the moon, the sun, darkest Africa, the dog and the game.

The kitten might have had the present hot summer in mind when it wrote:

"And does it not seem hard to you, When all the world is like a stew, And I am much too warm to purr, I have to wear my winter fur?"

Author's illustrations in color are most engaging, and the verses go to prove that kittens are very human in their likes and dislikes, their jealousies and their fancies.

The book covers of dull blue, with title and figure embossed in gold, prove "The Kitten's Garden of Verses" to be an advance guard of holiday publications.

"Gottedammerung."
By Richard Wagner. Retold in English verse by Oliver Huckel. Thomas Y. Crowell, of New York. 75c.

This work, called in English "The Dusk of the Gods," is the final poem in the great Nibelungen Ring cycle. Like its predecessors, the book is beautifully printed, the greatest care being evidenced in the work of author and publisher.

In the scene of the Gottedammerung is along the Rhine Siegfried has gone forth to fresh exploits, leaving with Brunnhilda the Ring as his pledge for a quick return.

The hero falls a victim, however, to the evil designs of the villainous Hagen, and is finally killed by the latter. Brunnhilda at the last dies on Siegfried's funeral pyre, while Hagen is overwhelmed by the Rhine and dragged down with his ill-gotten booty, the Ring, into its depths. At the same time, the sky is lighted with a red glow all afire. The curse has worked its wrath, and the twilight of the gods has come.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.
Mrs. W. S. Porter, widow of O. Henry, is now making her home in Asheville, N. C. She is the author of the "Bible stories," which have grown steadily in popularity since she began writing them a few years ago. They deal with a little mountain boy of North Carolina. Mrs. Porter is a native of the country about which she writes, as was her husband.

Through friends in close touch with C. N. and A. M. Williamson, co-authors of "The Golden Silence," recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co., it is learned that Robert Hichens, author

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REUNION OF THE MYERS FAMILY OF BOTETOURT



The first reunion of the Myers family was held at the old home place, near Eagle Rock, August 4. Nearly 100 persons, the majority of whom were members of the family, attended the reunion. Four generations are represented in the above picture. James Myers and Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, aged eighty-two and eighty-one, respectively, are parents of twelve children, and have reared ten. One daughter died in infancy, and one daughter died, aged in Botetourt and adjoining counties, and the daughters are all married.

of "The Garden of Allah," wrote them an exceedingly complimentary letter on their treatment of the Great Sahara Desert where "The Golden Silence" is laid. The Williamsons are spending the summer working in London, where they went from their Italian villa for the coronation. They expect to take a motor trip through Scotland this month.

The Baker & Taylor Co. are publishing this week three books: "Cary of St. Ursula," a girl's boarding school story, by Jane Brewster Reid, author of "The Owls of St. Ursula." The second book is in the nature of a sequel, and introduces many of the same characters who appeared in the "Owls." They publish also "The Book of Scottish Poetry," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., a large and inclusive collection of the more important poetry of Scotland from the thirteenth century to date. It is edited in general on the lines of the Oxford book of verse.

"Songs of Courage," by Bertha F. Gordon. A collection of poems.

According to the Bookman list of the six best selling books in the United States during the month of May, Johnston's "Long Roll" is still in the lead. Other sellers in order of popularity are "The Prodigal Judge," "Gibbie Gault" and "The Miller of Old Church."

Warrenton Social News

Warrenton, Va., August 26.—Alex. Hamilton, Jr., spending his vacation at Warrenton with his parents.

Miss Taylor, of Baltimore, is a guest of Mrs. J. B. Britton.

Joe Lofgren, of Mobile, Ala., is spending several days in Warrenton.

J. S. Douglas, Jr., and W. H. Gaines were in Warrenton on Tuesday night to attend the German.

Messrs. Bagby and Harwood, of Richmond, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Bagby, having made the trip to Warrenton in an automobile.

Rev. Dudley Powers, of Richmond, is spending some time in Warrenton.

Mrs. Wilbur Helmand, Miss Alice Helm, of Baltimore, are at Mrs. Edward Carter's after several weeks spent at Narragansett.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Ward, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Smith, of Warrenton, composed a party that motored to Warrenton this week.

James C. Woodward, of Norfolk, is spending his vacation in Warrenton.

Miss Josephine Johnson, of Norfolk, who has been spending some time at "Kinsley," is the guest of Mrs. Edward Thornton.

Mrs. Fairfax, of Roanoke, is the guest of Mrs. E. B. Slater.

William J. Bach, of Birmingham, Ala., has joined Mrs. Bach, and is in Warrenton several days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Carver have returned home after a visit to Washington.

Miss Emily and Genevieve Fletcher are at home from a stay of several weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. R. W. Cook and little daughter, who have been spending several weeks in Warrenton, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

Miss Mildred Leavell, of Washington, is the guest of Miss Frances Susslett.

Miss Fanny Hanks spent several days this week with Miss Ruth Matthews.

Miss Texas Camden, of Warrenton, is the guest of the Misses Spillman at Elway Hall.

Mrs. Thomas Reville, of Washington, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. M. Pattle.

Turner Martin, of Washington, and Gaylord Clark, of Warrenton; Dr. W. B. Mason and C. M. White, Jr., of Washington, were week-end guests in Warrenton.

"The Following of the Star." by Florence L. Barclay, which the Putnam will publish this fall, is a love story which turns upon a Christmas sermon preached by a young missionary home from Africa for a brief respite. The sentiments were far too lofty for the village congregation, but proud, willful Diana Rivers, the possessor of wealth as well as of beauty, heard and, though unconsciously, soul went out to soul. But Diana scorned matrimony and David's life was devoted to missionary work in the heart of the Dark Continent.

Under the Putnam imprint will appear in September a novel that has enjoyed a huge success in France, having run through thirteen editions after being presented as a serial. The story, the original of which was "Les Dames du Palais," by Colette Yver, has in the American edition, prepared by Mrs. Bradley Gilman, been re-baptized "Love Versus Law." It treats of an entirely new theme—women studying and practicing law and the jealousy of their men competitors.

Dr. Alden Arthur Knipe, author of "Captain of the Eleven," and, jointly with his wife, Emile Benson Knipe, of "Little Miss Fales," is the grandson of T. S. Arthur, who wrote "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Dr. Knipe has been recollections of the old age of his celebrated maternal grandfather, after whom he was given his second name. He records that T. S. Arthur, who he could not be called exactly over-

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